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A letter from an ex-boyfriend

BY RICHARD MARTINEZ

I'm sitting here slowly breathing next to your shirt you left in my bed. While the scent is lovely, it abruptly reminds me—your smell will always follow and haunt me.

But I'm trying to get through; I went out again for the first time in the longest time—something I couldn't bring myself to do. I held the door, she held my hand; it was all picturesque and typical. Maybe eventually I'll stop mistaking your face for strangers in the streets.

Do I still love you? Ever since day one when you bravely kissed me while we were sitting on one of those crummy dorm mattresses, our bodies cramped in that tiny prison-like room in Towers. I still hope you haven't burned yourself too bad when you were up against that inane, noisy furnace on the wall where we lie.

We never had a normal relationship yet, strangely, that made me love you so much more. You know what my date—we only went on one, which was more than enough to know—said to me after I drove her home?

“Don't take this the wrong way—you're sweet and all—but I think you're a little too gay for me.”

Although I gave it a passive shrug, I, so to speak, was quickly reminded why dating again is an indescribable thought to me.

Table conversation is tough without the thought of you subconsciously coming to mind—you loved sleeping with that blanket you stole; your favorite breakfast was always lemon-flavored yogurt; your pet hedgehog always smelled like disaster. It feels like I've moved onto another life where all of these memories are just thrown away somewhere.

It's going to be tough, but I hope you're doing well; I will, sort of. I just hate to call us “ex-boyfriends.” Nobody likes a cliché breakup anyway.

Yours,

Richard

